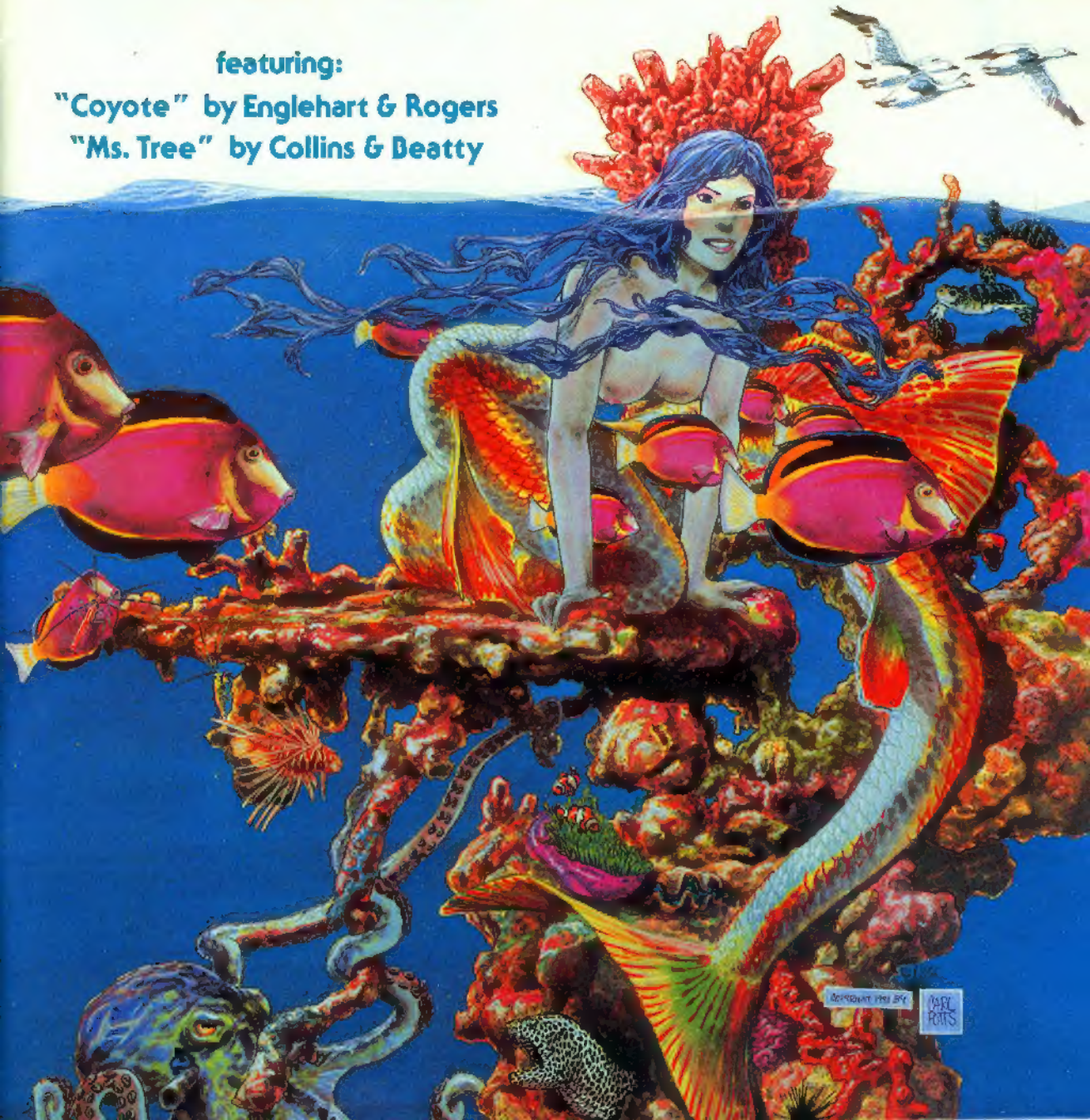
NO. 4 JANUARY $2.95

ECLIPSE

ECLIPSE

featuring:
"Coyote" by Englehart & Rogers
"Ms. Tree" by Collins & Beatty



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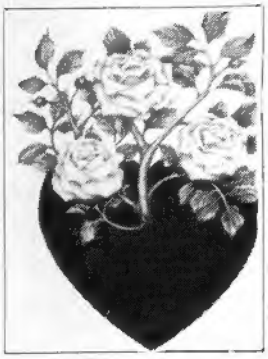

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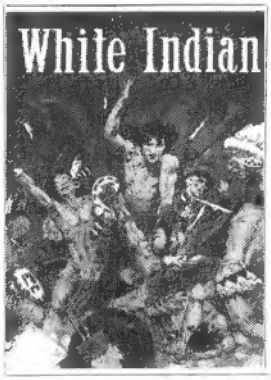

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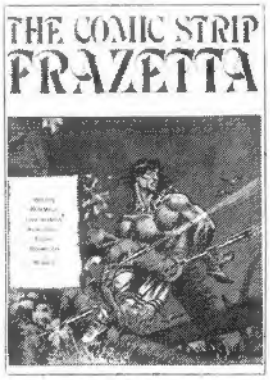

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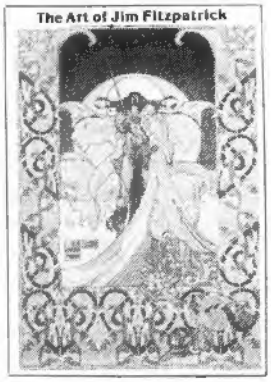

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The Silver Arm—Jim Fitzpatrick. First U.S. shipment of full-color fantasy book. Artwork in color on every page. 112 pages, 8½" × 11½", trade paperback. Recommended. $9.95.

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The Book of Conquests—Jim Fitzpatrick. Heroic fantasy art with ultra-detailed border illuminations. The perfect companion to *The Silver Arm*. Trade paperback. $8.95.

EDITORIAL

Some of you may be wondering why. If we advertised a Michael Kaluta cover for this issue, the cover this time is *not* by the noted Mr. Kaluta. Mike's original conception for the cover evolved into something much more complicated than either he, or I, anticipated. So, as we go to press, Mike is still working on the now more complex painting and it will appear on the cover of our next issue.

The mermaid illustration by Carl Potts that does appear as this issue's cover was originally intended to be for *Eclipse* #5. I simply switched the two covers around so that you see Carl's work first, and then Mike's.

If you react to Carl's art as I think you will, you're probably asking yourself: "He's incredible! Who is this guy?!" I was introduced to Carl about a year and a half ago by Steve Leialoha, who told me Carl had a multi-part story I'd probably be interested in seeing. I took a look at the first part of Carl's story—"The Last of the Dragons"—still in pencil form, and it blew me away. Unfortunately I had already lined up the series for *Eclipse* and had no place to put the story. In the time since, however, Carl has finished the pencils, Terry Austin has inked it, Denny O'Neil has scripted it, and Archie Goodwin (hi, Archie, you lucky devil!) has bought it for *Epic*.

When I ran into Carl again a few months ago, he showed me the illustration which is now our cover. Carl had done the piece on spec and it's the first cover of *Eclipse* which was completed independently and not comissioned specifically for the magazine. So that, as they say, is the story.

Some of you have also noticed that the contents of *Eclipse* have been steering away from science fiction and fantasy. It was never my intention to run much sf and fantasy. Not that I have anything against the genres (in fact, easily a third of my room full of books are sf/fantasy titles), it's just that there are many other places to get sf and fantasy in comics (*Epic* and *Heavy Metal* being two good examples). There is no other anthology comics magazine which isn't tied to a single genre. *Eclipse* is that magazine, and judging from your response, and that of the creators in the field, we're a welcome addition.

But don't think we're abandoning sf and fantasy, or *any* genre stories. Next year will bring a couple more magazines from Eclipse, zeroing in on specific genres. And that's in addition to the four-color comics we've got in the works: a 3-issue mini-series by Englehart & Rogers and a 6-issue run of (because you asked for it) Don McGregor's *Sabre*.

Until next issue . . .

Dean Mullaney, Editor

ECLIPSE

NO. 4 JAN. 1982

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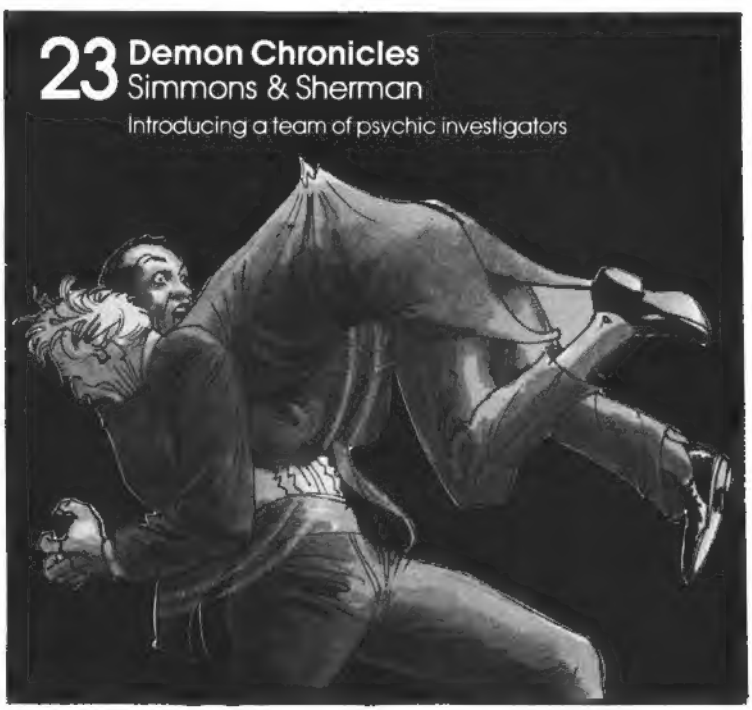
5 **Coyote** Englehart & Rogers
Chapter Three. Coyote and Phyllida play a game of cat and mouse.



23 **Demon Chronicles** Simmons & Sherman
Introducing a team of psychic investigators

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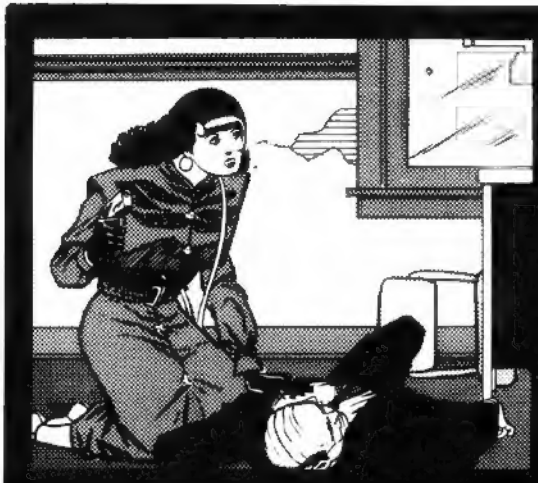

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Collins & Beatty
Chapter Four:
Ms. Tree stumbles on another murder and yet another mystery.

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ECLIPSE

DON McGREGOR MARSHALL ROGERS

Detectives Inc.

© 1980 Don McGregor and Marshall Rogers

Mystery Magazine says: "**Detectives, Inc.** is a hard-hitting story told in brutally realistic terms...

"Detectives, Inc. is a dramatic book: It is tense and powerful and draws one into its action...It is easy to be attracted to a Captain America or a Superman, because he is a dream, an ideal. It is less easy to become attracted to a human being, and this is one of the things that Don McGregor and Marshall Rogers do here: they assert (and) show) that two detectives, the divorced wife, two lovers separated by death from their common object of passion and others, can be just as exciting, as powerful, as dramatic an ensemble as the Avengers or the Justice League of America."

Peter Gillis
COMICS FEATURE

"This book has it all: nudity, homosexuality, bisexuality, abortion, poverty, race wars...and murder. Yet it lacks one thing that typical overground comics revel in—and that's sensationalism."

WHIZZARD

"Like a raw, cutting wind of the golden age of the private eye, *Detectives, Inc.* is gritty, very human, good reading and an eyeful."

Chris Steinbrunner, author of
The Films of Sherlock Holmes

"A solid private eye yarn with sparkling dialogue and two private dicks who care. If Culp and Cosby had been eyes instead of spies, this is what they would have been like."

Bob Randisi, author of
The Disappearance of Penny

"The writing and illustrations owe far more to the techniques of the motion picture than to comic books, with cross cutting and other film innovations used most effectively to tell the story of a murder with roots in a lesbian love affair."

Ellery Queen
Mystery Magazine

"*Detectives Inc.* is a tour de force for writer/creator Don McGregor and illustrator Marshall Rogers.

It is one of the new breed of mature underground productions that places people and relationships ahead of superheroism and bizarre, horrific plots.

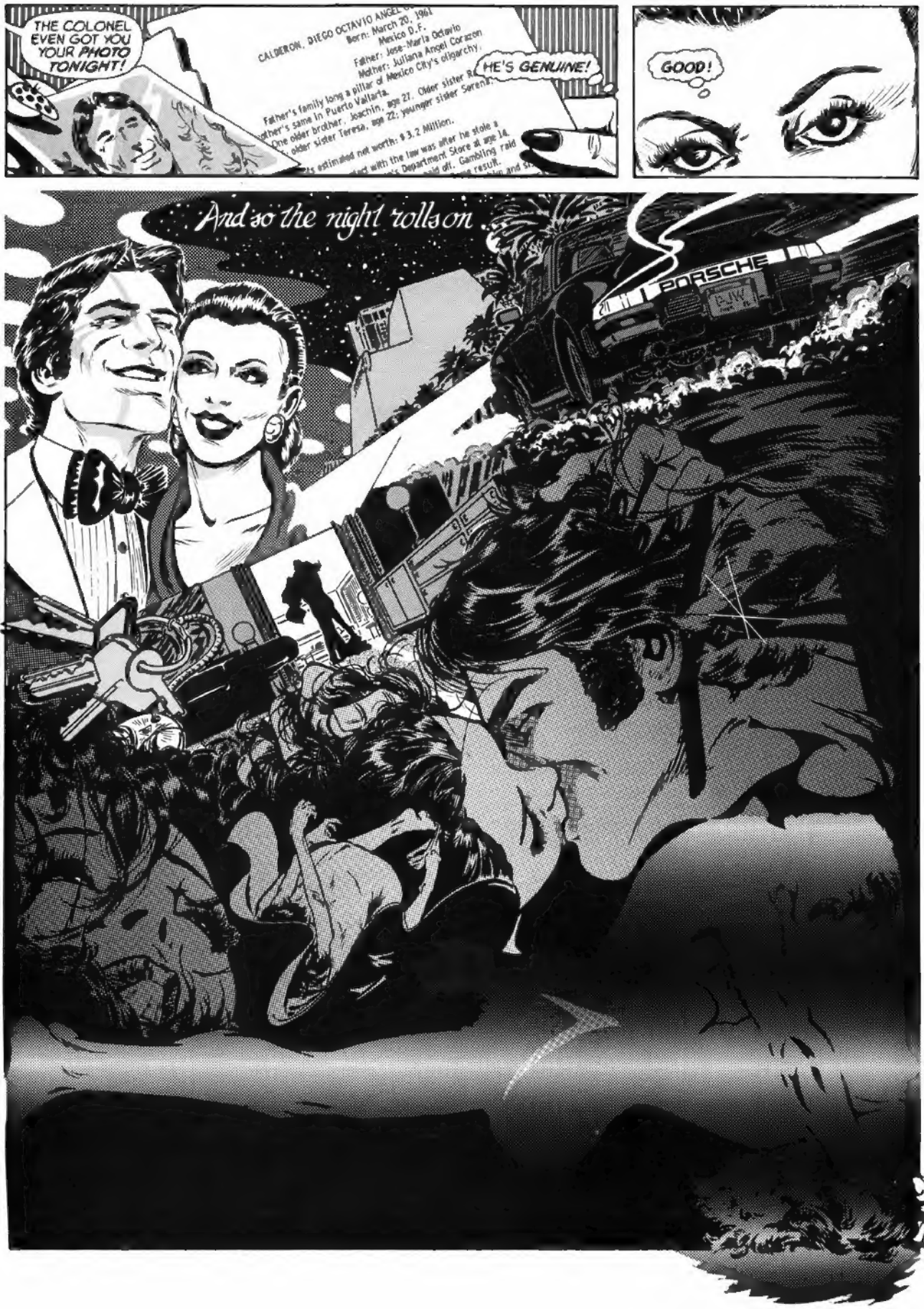
McGregor's Culp and Cosby type detective team of Ted Denning and Bob Rainier live in a Philip Marlowe existence on the seamy side of 1980 New York. Although the plot is fairly simple, their lives are refreshingly complex and the two stories are well blended with the help of Rogers' excellent black and white illustrations. His use of light and shadow in the delineation of people and perfectly rendered New York locations mark this volume as his best work to date.

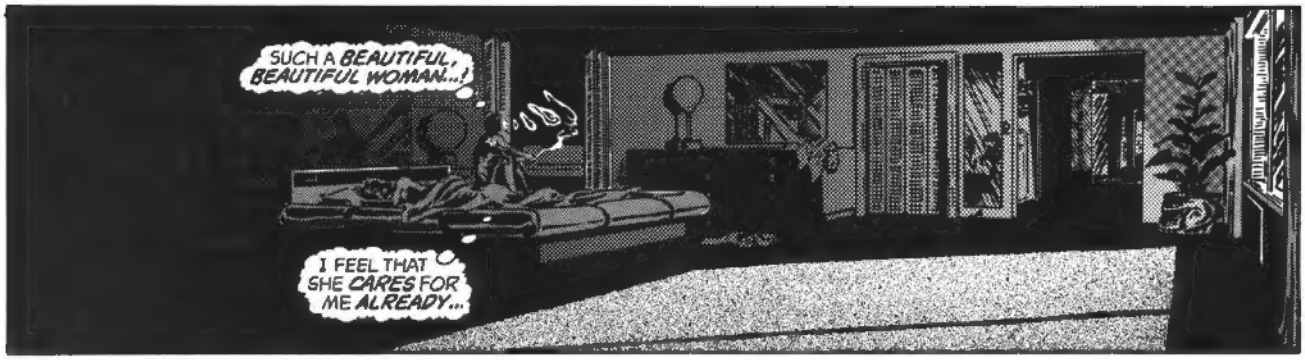
With *Detectives Inc.*, a new team of talented storytellers is born — one that should be writing new pages in the history of the graphic novel for some time to come."

Howard Zimmerman
Editor/STARLOG Magazine

ECLIPSE ENTERPRISES
PRESENTS:
the continuing saga of
Coyote part 3
story by steve englehart
art by marshall rogers
HA! YOU ARE SLY, COYOTE!--FROM THE ANCIENT, ENDLESS LEVEL PLANE YOU FOLLOWED THE UNDERLING TO ITS NEST--
--THERE THE SPOOR GREW THICKER, AND YOU FOUND THIS BEAUTIFUL PAWN!
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AND A PACK LEADER! SHE MUST BE MUCH SLY-- BUT SHE SUSPECTS NOTHING!
AH!--
BE HUMBLE, COYOTE! YOU HAVE ATTRACTED YOUR PREY--! BUT ALL GREAT COUPS REQUIRE CAREFUL FOREPLAY!
HA! I AM MOST SLY--
I AM Coyote

--SO YOUR FAMILY LIVES IN CUERNAVACA, DIEGO?
LOVELY PLACE!
INDEED IT IS, PHYLLIDA! BUT THE GAMBLING THERE IS MUCH LESS LOVELY THAN HERE IN THIS DISNEYLAND FOR ADULTS!
IF IT IS A CURSE TO BE BORN RICH, I MUST BE TRUE TO MY FATE, AND DWELL AMIDST LUXURY!
DEEPLY AMID LUXURY, AT ALL TIMES!
ORDER ANOTHER ROUND, WILL YOU? I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
COLONEL? RUN A THOROUGH CHECK ON ONE DIEGO CALDERÓN, SON OF JOSE-MARIE CALDERÓN OF CUERNAVACA! HAIR AND EYES BROWN, WEIGHT 176, HEIGHT 6'1", AGE APPROXIMATELY 22!
I WANT A PHOTO BY TOMORROW MORNING, BUT I WANT PARTICULARS BY MIDNIGHT!
NO PROBLEM, PHYLLIDA!
IT BETTER NOT BE!
A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL THESE DAYS...
And so the night rolls on...
...WITH THE DINNER SHOW AT THE RIVIERA...
...AND THE ROULETTE TABLES AT THE SANDS ...WHERE IT'S PHYLLIDA'S TURN TO WIN...
...AND THE DANCE FLOOR AT KING WISDOM SOUTH...!
TWO YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE, PEELING BACK THE BARRIERS...
...AND AT PRECISELY A QUARTER TO TWELVE--
PHYLLIDA!
THANK YOU, VIOLET!


THE COLONEL EVEN GOT YOU YOUR PHOTO TONIGHT!
CALDERON, DIEGO OCTAVIO ANGEL
Born: March 20, 1961
Mexico D.F.
Father: Jose-Maria Octavio
Mother: Juliana Angel Corazon
Father's family long a pillar of Mexico City's oligarchy.
Father's same in Puerto Vallarta.
One older brother, Joachin, age 27. Older sister R
older sister Teresa, age 22; younger sister Sorena.
estimated net worth: $3.2 Million.
with the law was after he stole a
Department Store at age 14.
off. Gambling raid
result.
HE'S GENUINE!
GOOD!
And so the night rolls on...
PORSCHE


SUCH A BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...!
I FEEL THAT SHE CARES FOR ME ALREADY...

AND YET SHE IS DEEPLY INVOLVED, AND APPARENTLY A LEADER, IN THE GREAT CONSPIRACY I WILL DESTROY!
IT IS GOOD THAT I HAVE NO MORALITY--

--FOR THIS WOULD CONFOUND A FULL MAN!
IF SHE MUST DIE FOR HER CRIMES IN THE END, I SHALL KILL HER CLEANLY--BUT I WILL TORMENT NEITHER HER NOR MYSELF IN THE MEANTIME!
I AM COYOTE...!

DAMN!
am pm 11:22
PHYLLIDA--?
SORRY, DIEGO, BUT I WAS SO CARRIED AWAY LAST NIGHT--
--I FORGOT TO SET MY ALARM, AND--

--I'M LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT!

I CAN DRIVE YOU!
NO, THANKS VERY MUCH! IT'S PRIVATE!

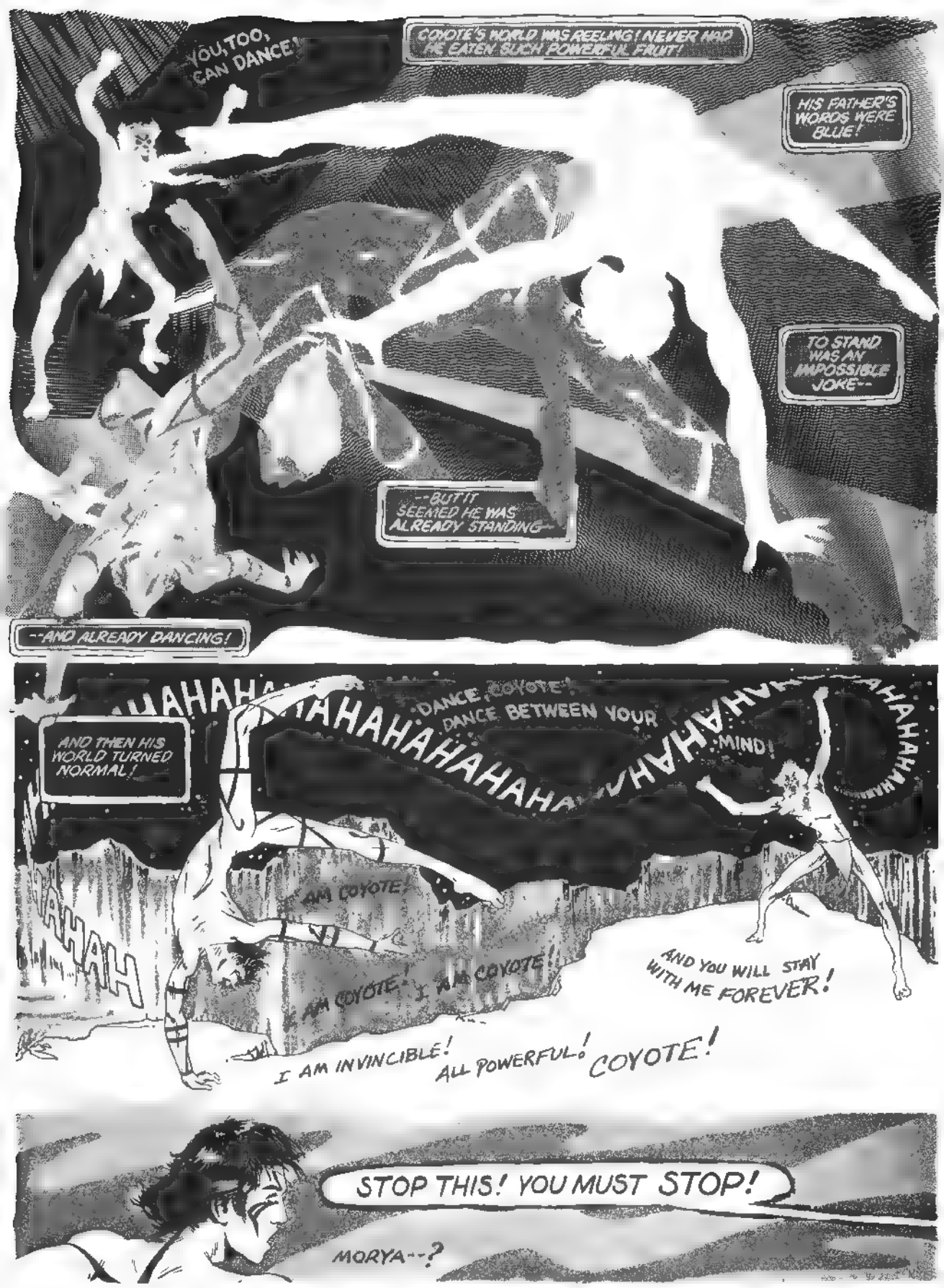
HAVE WE SECRETS FROM EACH OTHER STILL?
DEIGO, I LIKE YOU, BUT--
--WE HAVE A LOT OF SECRETS STILL--

--AND THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT BEST!

DIEGO, I GATHERED LAST NIGHT THAT YOU'RE NOT COMPLETELY THRILLED BY THE GOVERNMENT IN EITHER YOUR COUNTRY OR ANNE...
THAT IS A FAIR WAY OF PUTTING IT!
CERTAINLY THE INJUSTICES HAVE CONTINUED TO MOUNT--
WHETHER IT WAS AMERICA LOSING POWER OR MEXICO GAINING IT!
IT'S A SHAME THAT THERE COULDN'T BE A NEW ORDER TO THINGS
GET RID OF THIS MACHO STRUTTING BY OUR TWO PRESIDENTS -
- AND REPLACE THEM BOTH WITH A UNIFIED NORTH AMERICAN SYSTEM--
--INCLUDING CANADA, CUBA, AND THE REST OF THE CARRIBEAN!
BUT WHERE WOULD WE FIND POLITICIANS NOT ALREADY INVOLVED IN THE CURRENT SYSTEM?
OH, THEY EXIST-- POLITICIANS, AND BETTER MEN! THEY MIGHT FORM A GOVERNMENT IN WAITING-- A SORT OF "SHADOW CABINET"--
NO!
NO?
TO HELL WITH ALL GOVERNMENTS! AND TO HELL WITH ALL REVOLUTIONARIES!
THEY ARE BUT TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN BOTH WANT TO RULE EVERYONE ELSE'S LIVES!
I DARE TO MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS--
--FREELY!
WELL YOU CERTAINLY KNOW YOUR OWN MIND!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TIME I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT--
--SO DON'T BOTHER TO CALL ME!
PHYLLIDA, LET US NOT QUARREL!
ESPECIALLY OVER POLITICS!
GOODBYE, DIEGO!
SLAM!!!

WELL, AS THE INSIDERS SAY--
--"FUCK!"
DOES A FROWN FURROW THAT UNMARKED BROW--?
A FROWN--ON AN ANIMAL?
A39-A40
IF SO, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE BESIDES HIMSELF TO BE CERTAIN!
THE DESERT--SHE'S HEADING OUT INTO THE DESERT!
-WITH ITS VIBRANT HEAT AND COLORS, IT IS ALMOST TOO MUCH FOR ME TO BEAR IN THIS STATE!
I AM ENTERING INTO THE GREAT SPIRIT--!
AND TO LULL THE LUST WITHIN HIM, TO MAINTAIN THE CONTROL HE NEEDS--
--COYOTE TURNS HIS MIND ONCE AGAIN TO THE
WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
LAS VEGAS OVERWHELMED HER, FATHER! THE LIGHTS;-- THE FUMES-- AND MOST OF ALL, THE PEOPLE!
SHE KEPT HER VOW NOT TO FEED UPON THEIR EMOTIONS, BUT IT WAS SO HARD!
I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU SO!
WE CAN NEVER GO BACK TO THE INSIDERS' WORLD! ALL HER TALK OF THEIR PLACES AND WAYS WAS NOTHING BUT CRUELTY!
FATHER! I WANT TO KNOW IF SHE WILL BE ALL RIGHT!
YES, SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NOW THAT SHE CAN LIVE IN PURITY ONCE MORE! SHE JUST NEEDS REST!
BUT YOU--!

COME WITH ME!
TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN THEY CLIMBED, THE BOY LIMBER, THE MAN DOGGED--!
YOU WILL STAY WITH ME NOW, MY SON! YOU WILL BE LIKE ME!
FATHER, I WILL STAY-
BUT I CANNOT BE LIKE YOU! I AM NOT ONE OF THE WERE-MEN!
NO--
BUT YOU CAN LEARN THE LAST OF THE WERE-MEN'S TRICKS!
WHAT I MUST DO WHEN THE MOON FLOATS HIGH--
--YOU CAN LEARN TO DO --WITH THIS!
PEYOTE--?
COYOTE ATE THE GREEN FRUIT! HE HAD EATEN IT BEFORE, TO CONVERSE WITH THE GREAT SPIRIT AND TO PLAY!
BUT THAT NIGHT AS HE AND HIS FATHER SAT IN THE THIN, SINGING BREEZE, AND WATCHED THE COLORS GROW SUBDUED IN THE TWILIGHT'S TIDAL SHADOWS--
-AS HE FELT THE GREEN FRUIT'S POWER SURGING UP ALONG HIS SPINE-
-HE KNEW THIS TIME WOULD BE DIFFERENT!
FOR FORTY-SEVEN YEARS, I HAVE FELT THE PULL OF UNEARTHLY FORCES...!
EACH NIGHT, THEY OVERWHELM ME! THEY TAKE ME-- TWIST AND TURN ME INSIDE-OUT--
--AND I CANNOT RESIST!
BUT IN FORTY-SEVEN YEARS, I HAVE COME TO BE FAMILIAR WITH THESE CHANGES!
I KNOW HOW TO DANCE BY MYSELF!
AND THOUGH YOU CANNOT BECOME A FULL COYOTE--


--YOU, TOO, CAN DANCE!
COYOTE'S WORLD WAS REELING! NEVER HAD HE EATEN SUCH POWERFUL FRUIT!
HIS FATHER'S WORDS WERE BLUE!
TO STAND WAS AN IMPOSSIBLE JOKE--
--BUT IT SEEMED HE WAS ALREADY STANDING--
--AND ALREADY DANCING!
AND THEN HIS WORLD TURNED NORMAL!
DANCE, COYOTE! DANCE BETWEEN YOUR MIND!
AHAHAHA

YOUR POWER--
-YOUR DREADFUL POWER!
FROM THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN--
-I FELT IT--
EVEN IN MY SLEEP--
-AND I CANNOT RESIST IT!
I MUST FEED!
NO! MORYA! NO!
DON'T BREAK YOUR VOW--!
HE BARELY TOUCHED HER!
HE THOUGHT!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
NO! STOP IT NOW! STOP IT!
SHE COULDN'T LAST HERE IN THE DESERT!
SHE WAS WEAK!
SHE WAS DIFFERENT!
SHE WAS NOT LIKE US!
RRRRR

YOU FOOL!
THE MOON HAS RISEN NOW!
I'VE CHANGED!
AND I KNOW THIS OTHER WORLD--
BUT YOU ARE OLD!
AN ANIMAL!
SNAP
GRRR
I AM NOT AN ANIMAL!
KRAK
I AM COYOTE
NOW, EVEN AS THAT MEMORY
WITH UNDIMINISHED VIVIDNESS--

SHE SLOWS!
IS THIS PHYLLIDA'S DESTINATION?
U.S. AIR FORCE TESTING AREA
OFF LIMITS
BY ORDER OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
THERE IS NOTHING HERE TO INTEREST AN OUTSIDER! NO OUTSIDERS ARE ALLOWED HERE!
RIGHT ON TIME!
WAIT! I SENSE--A THUNDER IN THE EARTH--!
THE AIR FORCE IS CONDUCTING ANOTHER UNDERGROUND NUCLEAR TEST!
AND NOW A HIDDEN BURROW OPENS BEFORE US--!
HA! VERY SLY!
THE MILITARY'S INTRUDER ALERT SYSTEMS CANNOT SENSE US FOR THE SEISMIC AND SONIC DISRUPTIONS THEY THEMSELVES HAVE CAUSED!
WHAT DID SHE SAY--?
"I'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO GO TO THE VOID!"
TRY TO BE HUMBLE, COYOTE
--THOUGH YOUR UNMATCHED SKILLS AND ROMANTIC CHARM HAVE LED YOU STRAIGHT TO THE SOURCE OF THE MYSTERY!

HA!
THIS MUST BE--

THE VOID!
NEXT ISSUE
A BATTLE IN WORLDS OUTSIDE OF WORLDS
ECLIPSE EVERY OTHER MONTH

forgotten adventures on the
KON-TIKI
HUNT EMERSON:
GOOD EVENING! I AM A SPECIES OF PLANGTONG, AND AS YOU CAN SEE, I GLOW IN THE DARK!
ALONG WITH MY COUNTLESS BILLIONS OF KINDRED BEASTIES (GO ON - COUNT 'EM!) I INHABIT THE TROPICAL WATERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN....
...AND, THOUGH TINY, WE SERVE A VITAL PART IN THE ECOLOGY OF THE OCEAN..
AAARGH! TRAPPED!
HUR!
INDEED THIS IS SØ! ÅND WE ØN THE KØN-TIKI ÄRE ÅLSØ PÄRT ØF THIS ECØLØGY...
...ÅND SØ, WE CATCH THÊSE BEAUDIFUL PLANKTØNS ÅND EAT THEM!
YA, YA, THØR HEYERDAHL, THIS IS GØØD...
INDEED, BENGT TJÖRDESVÊNT..
TRUE, SMØRKTK WNIKSTRØMM ...AND YØU, STBØDENSMÉK BINFØLKESØN - YØU TØØ WILL TRY SØME?
YA! I WILL, GNÖFFSTRØPP INGNGNGØNG
I PICKÉD MY CREW IN THE TRADITIØNÄL VIKING FASHIØN - GØØD-HUMØURED, STRØNG MEN WITH UNPRØNØUNCÉABLE NAMES.

THIS PLÅNGTØNG STUFF SMELLS LIKE A CØRPSE...
...mmphlgl.... TASTES LIKE RØTTEN FISH AND MÅNURE...
...AND HAS THE TEXTURE ØF CATTARGH... ..glorp...
....BÜT IT IS VERY NØURISHING... ..gulp-chomp....
completely barmy!
...ÅND SØ, WE EAT IT!
urp!
ØF CØURSE IT MAKES US VERY ILL. TØMØRRØW, I WILL INTRØDUCE YØU TØ THE RÉST ØF THE RÅFT'S ÉCØLØGY...
...BUT, FØR TØNIGHT....
GLURBLUB
OOOOOOOOOH!

GØØD MØRNING!! LET MÈ NØW SHØW YØU THE ØTHER LIVING THINGS THAT ÄSSØCIATE THÊMSELVES WITH ØUR KØN-TIKI!
FIRST, THÈRE IS THÊ SEAWEED THAT GRØWS BENEATH US... THIS WE EAT!
IN ÄMØNGST THE SEAWEED WE FÎND BÄRNÄCLES AND SUCH LIKE, WHICH WE ALSØ EAT!
THEN THERE ARE THE SHARKS!
SNAP
WE CATCH THESE AND EAT THEM
EACH MØRNING WE FÎND ØUR DECK PILÊD HIGH WITH KAMIKAZI FLYING FISH, SØ WÈ EAT THEM....
BANZAI!
...AND THÊRE ARE MÄNY ØTHER KINDS ØF FISH WHICH WÈ CATCH AND ÊAT!

THERE ARE TINY CRABS WHICH INFEST THE RAFT. WE EAT THESE TOO, AND VERY TASTY THEY ARE...
EEK
EEK
EEK
EEK
EEK
EEK
THE KON-TIKI IS A THRIVING COLONY OF LIVING THINGS IN THE MIDST OF THE OCEAN!
INDEED, THERE IS NOT A LOT ON THIS FLOATING LARDER WHICH WE DON'T HAVE A NIBBLE AT!
OTHER THINGS WE EAT INCLUDE THE COCONUTS WE BROUGHT WITH US...
... THE CURRANTS IN THE RADIO CORNER...
...THE SNAILS IN OUR SLEEPING BAGS...
THE RABBIT IN THE FOOD-STORE...
KON-TIKI FRIED CHICKEN
RABBIT??!
WELL, WELL! ITS ALAN RABBIT (KNOWN IN POLYNESIA AS WELL AS THE REST OF THE WORLD AS BILL THE BUNNY)!

ORACLE

Paul Gulacy's **SIEGE**

SIEGE Copyright © 1981 Paul Gulacy

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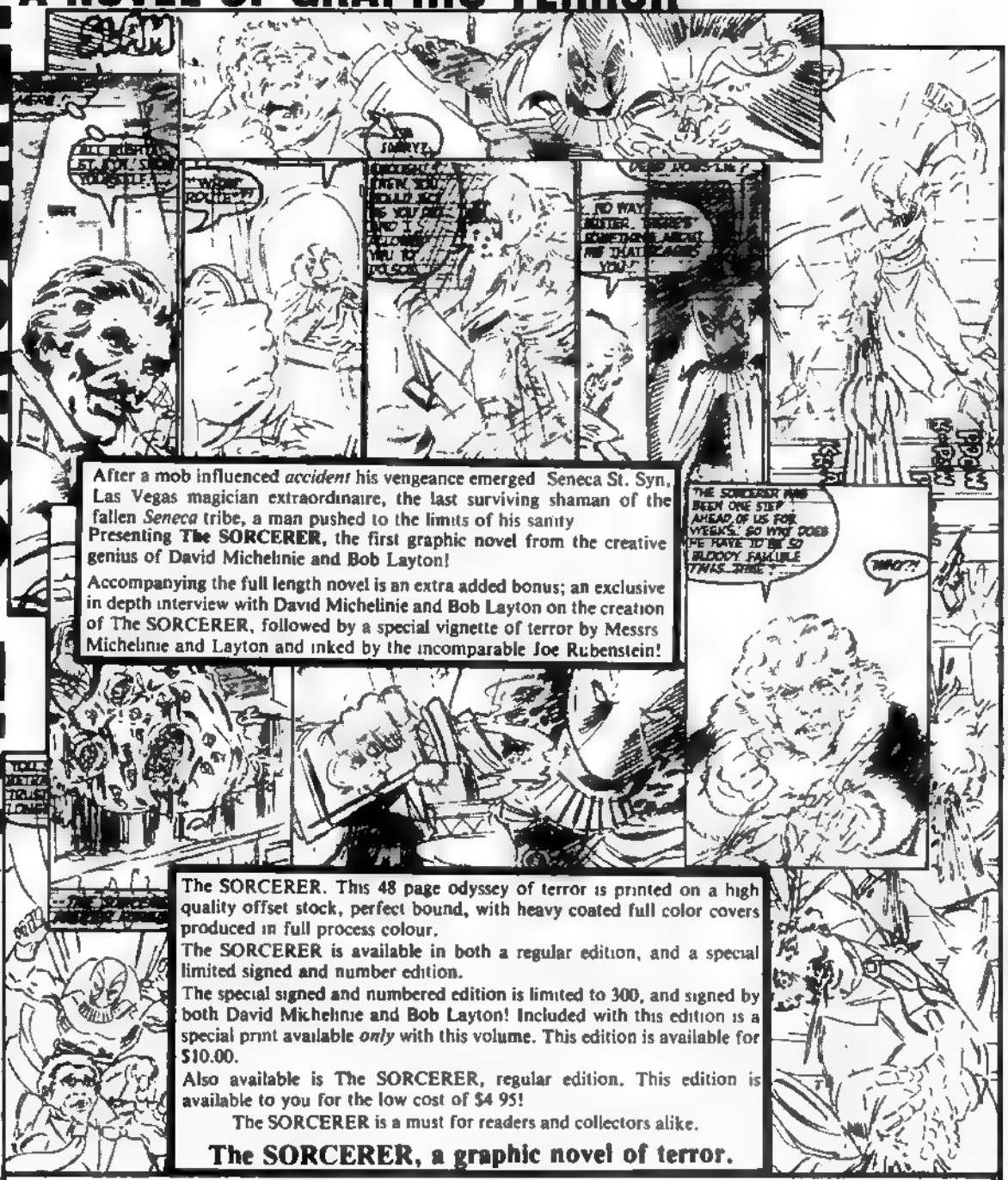
THE SORCERER

A NOVEL OF GRAPHIC TERROR


SLAM
I'LL BE BACK TO FIX YOU LITTLE!
WHAT ROUTE??
I'M SORRY!!
NO WAY BUTLER. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ME THAT SCARES YOU!
DEAD DOGS LIE!
THE SORCEROR HAS BEEN ONE STEP AHEAD OF US FOR WEEKS. SO WHY DOES HE HAVE TO BE SO BLOODY FALLIBLE THIS TIME!
WHO??

After a mob influenced *accident* his vengeance emerged Seneca St. Syn, Las Vegas magician extraordinaire, the last surviving shaman of the fallen *Seneca* tribe, a man pushed to the limits of his sanity

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TWO THIRDS OF THE OLD WOMAN'S THROAT HAD BEEN TORN OUT. LEGION AGENT, JAMES COLEMAN ARRIVED TOO LATE TO PREVENT IT, BUT IN TIME TO CHASE THE CREATURE INTO ITS LAIR... THE MUSTY BOWELS OF GRAND CENTRAL STATION.
I KNOW HE'S JUST AHEAD OF ME...
CHRONICLES
I MUST STOP HIM HERE AND NOW! TOO MANY LIVES DEPEND ON IT!
MY FIRST MISSION...
...AFTER TWO YEARS OF LEGION TRAINING.
BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY MY WAY FIRST!
RANDOLF SINCLAIR! LET MY PEOPLE HELP YOU! THEY CAN BRING YOU THE PEACE YOU HAVE BEEN DENIED FOR SO LONG!
SINCLAIR! I KNOW YOU ARE HERE! LET ME TRY T---
YOU YOUNG FOOL!
YOU THINK I'D SURRENDER TO THE LIKES OF YOU!!!

SINCLAIR! DON'T FIGHT ME! THE LEGION CAN HELP YOU!
YOU ARE STRONGER THAN MOST!
C'MON, SINCLAIR, SEE THIS KNIFE? DON'T MAKE ME USE IT!
... I HAVE DRUNK THE BLOOD OF MANY STRONG MEN!
NO!!!
SINCLAIR! YOU STINKING BASTARD!!! WHY!?!
C'MON, JAMES PULL IT TOGETHER! YOU'VE GOT TO FINISH IT NOW!
'HAVE TO FLIP THIS SWITCH, TWIST THE HANDLE, AND...

LAST NIGHT YOU WERE AN IDIOT!
MR. SUEZ, I—
THERE IS NOTHING TO DEBATE.
YOU WERE PLACED WITH ANITA AND HER TEAM.
BUT YOU WENT AFTER SINCLAIR ALONE!
AND WORSE YOU TRIED TO GET HIM TO SURRENDER!
I'D NEVER KILLED ANYONE AND NO MATTER WHAT HE WAS...
IN THE END JAMES... YOU DID DESTROY HIM.
SHOULD YOU FIND A TORMENTED SOUL IN THE FUTURE...
...MAKE VERY CERTAIN YOU HAVE NOT LOST YOUR TEAM.
A LONE WOLF DIES ALONE.
TOMORROW...
...WE LEAVE FOR WELLFLEET HARBOR.
WHY THERE ?
TO STOP ONE, NATHANIEL GIBBS!

JUDY KANE STROLLS PAST THE ROWS OF QUAINT SHOPS AND CAFES OF WELLFLEET HARBOR.
SINCE THE DEATH OF HER PARENTS, SHE SOMETIMES SEEKS THEIR LOVE IN THE EYES OF A STRANGER.
UH... S'CUSE ME?
I'M RENTING THE MILLER COTTAGE FOR A FEW WEEKS. I'M NOT YET FAMILIAR WITH THIS AREA AND--
HI!
I'M, JUDY.
HELLO, JUDY!
PERHAPS YOU CAN DIRECT ME TO THE POST OFFICE?
SURE! ITS JUST UP THE STREET. I'M GOING RIGHT BY IT. C'MON!
HOW LONG HAVE YOU LIVED HERE, JUDY?
MY WHOLE LIFE... 14 YEARS!
OH! THEN YOU'VE HAD ALL CHILD-HOOD EXPER-IENCES RIGHT HERE! FRIENDS, SCHOOL, CHURCH?
YEP!
EVERYTHING EXCEPT CHURCH, ANYWAY.
WHY'S THAT?
DAD'S FOLKS WERE RICH SOUTHERN BAPTISTS. MOM'S WERE POOR NORTHERN JEWISH. WHEN THEY GOT MARRIED DAD'S PARENTS HIT THE ROOF!
REALLY?
YEP!
ANYWAY, AFTER THAT CHURCH DIDN'T MEAN MUCH TO MY FOLKS. THEY MOVED UP HERE, HAD ME, AND THAT'S THE STORY, CHARLIE!
UH--I MEAN, MR... UH...
NATHANIEL GIBBS. I'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR PARENTS!
THEY DIED IN AN ACCIDENT TWO YEARS AGO. I LIVE WITH MY AUNT ISABELLE.
I'M SORRY.
ITS OKAY. BE SEEING YOU, MR. GIBBS.
YES, OF-COURSE JUDY. BYE!
JUST THE RIGHT AGE, TEMPER-MENT, AND NO RELIGIOUS TIES. YES, JUDY, YOU WILL SEE ME VERY SOON!

OUR SOURCE SAID GIBBS HAS DOCKED HIS BOAT IN THIS MARINA... AND THAT ONE FEELS LIKE IT!
CAN YOU PICK UP HIS THOUGHTS?
MY POWERS DON'T WORK THAT WAY. THE SUBJECT HAS TO FOCUS HIS THOUGHTS.
ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS WATCH AND FOLLOW HIM 'TILL WE SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!
WHY DIDN'T YOU RENT A STATION WAGON?
OH? WHAT FOR?
SO I COULD SLEEP IN BACK WHILE YOU WATCH. JUST A L'IL COMFORT Y'KNOW?
ANITA, SUCK ON AN EGG.
FOG SCARES ME.
YOU?! SCARED?!
YEAH, THAT A... PROBLEM FOR YOU?
NO. I FIGURED BEING WITH THE LEGION SO LONG YOU'D GET... I MEAN YOU'VE SEEN SO MUCH!
YEAH! A LOT OF PAIN AND HORROR BUT I HAVEN'T COME TO LOVE IT!
LOVE IT, NO! BUT THE FEAR... DOESN'T IT GO AWAY?
LOOK! LEAVING THE BOAT!
20 MINUTES LATER...
THERE'S THEIR PARKED CAR. DO YOU SEE THEM?
HEY! THEY'VE PUT ON ROBES AND ARE TOTING ARTILLERY!
THEY'RE GOING BEHIND THAT HOUSE! LET'S MOVE!

YOU GO AROUND BACK!
I'LL TAKE THE FRONT...
OH GOD! THEY'VE GOT A CHILD!
WHAT THE -?!?
--IT SOUNDED LIKE A WINDOW BREAKING!
HEY!
WHO'S THAT?
OOPS!
DAMN! ALMOST FRIED ME!
TROUBLE!
BURN HIM!

BLAM!
BLAM!
UNGH! NAILED HIM!
HEL--
LET'S CLEAR OUT!
HELP! GET YOUR FREAKIN' PAWS OFFA ME!
BLAM!
ANOTHER ONE!
BLAM!
BITCH!
DAMN!

THEY MUST BE HEADING FOR TRURO OR PROVINCETOWN.
NO! THEY'RE TURNING OFF THE HIGHWAY TOWARD LONGNOOK BEACH!
EITHER THEY DON'T KNOW I'M FOLLOWING THEM OR THIS IS A TRAP!
BUT I CAN'T TURN BACK NOW!
!
RIGGED AND SET?
YEP.
THEN LET'S SPRING IT ON HIM!
SNAP!
AN OLD WELL?
EH— WHAT WAS THAT?
HOW LONG BEFORE IT GOES OFF?

HE'S FINISHED!!
NO ONE COULD SURVIVE THAT!
HOW LONG WAS I OUT?
ARE YOU A COP?
I'VE CALLED THE POLICE! HOW COME YOUR BULLET WOUNDS ARE ONLY BRUISES? WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY DID THEY TAKE JUDY?
NO TIME, SWEETHEART. IF YOU WANT YOUR DAUGHTER BACK W■ HAVE TO MOVE! FAST! WHERE IS YOUR CAR?
JUDY IS ONLY MY NIECE! LOOK, I DON'T KNOW YOU AND I DON'T THINK ...UH... IT'S OUR BACK.
MOVE!
OH GOD.
ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS REMEMBER THAT YOUR NIECE IS IN DANGER!
FOCUS YOUR THOUGHTS, JAMES, PLEASE!

TAKE HER TO THE WELL!
MR. GIBBS!?! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?! WHAT DO YOU WANT??
I WANT YOU TO DIE, SWEET CHILD.
HOLD STILL! IT'LL BE MUCH EASIER FOR YOU IF IT'S A CLEAN CUT!
AH, THE SACRED WELL WATER AND THE GIRL'S BLOOD.
YES, MY... LORD.
OH, ASMODEUS, COME TO US AND DELIVER UNTO US YOUR POWER BY THE BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT CHILD! EGO SUM TE PETO ET VIDREE QUEO!!!

BLASPHEMERS! YOU HAVE FAILED! YOU DO NOT HAVE THE BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT!
YOU SHALL ALL DIE!!!
PHTOOO!! WHAT?! THIS IS ONLY WATER!!
YOU!!! BUT HOW??
I JUMPED BEFORE THE CAR WENT OVER.
JUDY! WHAT— MY GOD?!?
STAY WITH JUDY! ISABELLE!

I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE, JAMES.!
ANITA.!
BY CROSS OF IRON! BY THE LIGHT OF RA! I SPIT ON YOUR NAME! RETURN TO THE KINGDOM OF THE DAMNED!!!
DID I REALLY SEE A DEMON?!
YES, BUT YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT IT.
NO! NEVER!
YES! YOU BOTH WILL FORGET NOW!
WHEW! NICE WORK, LADY!
YOU O.K., BABY?
THEY WERE GOING TO CUT OFF MY HEAD! BUT SOME MAN KILLED THEM INSTEAD!
30 MINUTES LATER THE REAL WORLD ARRIVES. FOR JUDY AND ISABELLE, THE HORRORS OF THIS NIGHT HAVE VANISHED WITH JAMES AND ANITA. IN THEIR WAKE IS LEFT A NEW AWARENESS OF MUTUAL CARE.
SOMEWHERE JAMES AND ANITA CONTINUE THE HUNT FOR TORMENTED SOULS AND DEMONS IN THE DARK... AND IN THEMSELVES. THE END.

HEY! HEY!!! QUIT CROWDING!!
OUTA TH'WAY!! A LIL'ELBOW ROOM HUNH, PLEASE !?!
WHY DON'T YOU GUYS JUST SHUT UP!!
DIRTY POOL
by RIPP c 1981
RELAX! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!!
BRACE UP BOYS!!
WHAPPP!!
ROOLLLL
SMACK!
YIPE!
BOUNCE
OUCH!
ROLL
OW!
BOUNCE!
OOOH.
ERK!
OW!
UMPH!
ROLL
BIC!
ROLL
ROLL
YOWCH!
OOOCH
ROLL...
SHIT!
SMACK
LOOK OUT, WILL YA?!!
SMAK
HEY, PHIL.....
DON! HOW ARE YOU, PAL!?! I HAVEN'T SEEN YA—AIEEEEE!

STORY BEGUN SPRING 1979 FINISHED SPRING 1981

This is for Fritz Leiber and Charles Beaumont who knew all about good luck charms and for Doug and Debbie Mench, who were there during the dark times.

A FISTFUL OF GRAVEYARD DIRT

written by Don McGregor
illustrated by Billy Graham

The thing was, at the age of 17, my buddy, Barney Bernbaum, was not consumed by visions of adventure nor the possibilities of life

He was already enrolled in a Banker's Trainee Program at our High School, and his passion was mostly limited to three piece suits and high finance, except on Fridays when we would play High-Low-Jack or go to the drive-in movie

It was the drive-in movie, actually, that got us out to the old cemetery atop Wichita Hill

At a dusk-to-dawn horror revival we had seen a movie called Burn Witch Burn *wherein this guy who did not believe in the supernatural had to start believing in it or his wife would die, and to save her he had to make a good luck charm out of all kinds of gunk, the only one of which I really remember needing being . . . graveyard dirt*

I had to do a hell of a lot of talking to convince Bernbaum that we needed a good luck charm and that he should drive out to the cemetery at midnight to obtain some sacred graveyard dirt

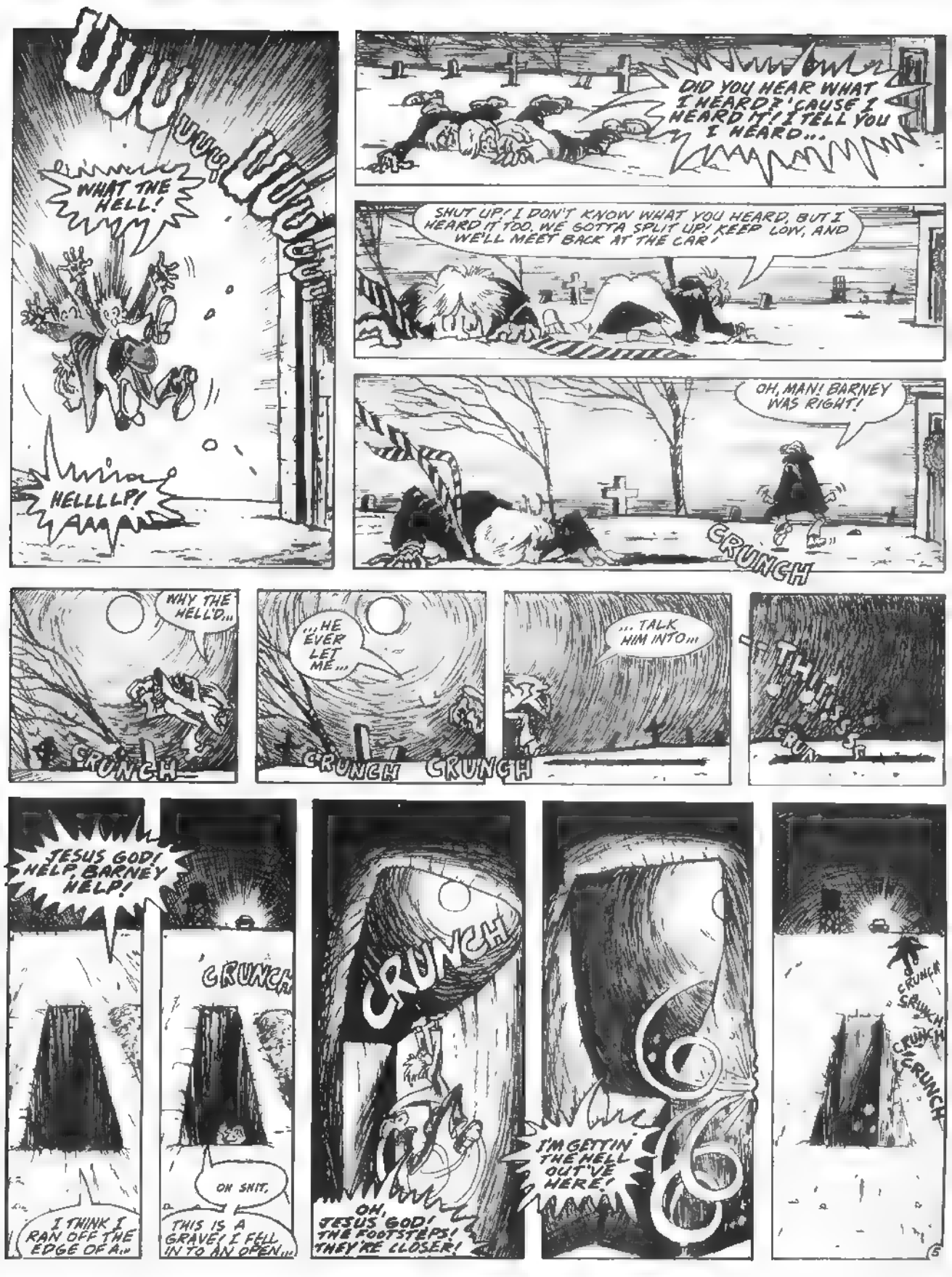
Bernbaum had the car; I had the ideas

I'VE GOT TO BE CRAZY, LETTING YOU TALK ME INTO COMING OUT HERE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT
DON'T SAY 'DEAD' WHEN YOU'RE GOING INTO A DARK CEMETERY. IT'S BLASPHEMOUS.
AND IT'S OUR REPUTATIONS... MY REPUTATION!... IF WE GET CAUGHT. GOD! YOU DON'T THINK THE POLICE WILL THINK WE'RE VANDALS OR SOMETHING?

THE COPS AREN'T GONNA THINK ANYTHING, MAN! THEY'RE PROBABLY OUSTING DRUNKS.
I HAD TO BE NUTS, GREG, LETTING YOU TALK ME INTO THIS.
BARNEY, YOU'RE FORGETTING WHAT I TOLD YOU. YOU'VE GOTTA LOOK ON THIS AS AN ADVENTURE! CAN'T YA FEEL IT IN YOUR BLOOD?
I FEEL COLD. THE WIND IS COLD. IT'S DECEMBER, 10 BELOW ZERO AND I FEEL COLD!
YEAH, IT'S COLD, SURE, BUT YOU MOVE AROUND A LITTLE, YOU'LL WARM UP IT'S LIKE I SAID, YOU'VE GOTTA GET INTO THE SPIRT OF THE THING OR SOMEDAY YOU'RE GONNA GET OLD...
I'M GOING TO GET OLD ANYHOW.
SURE, BUT ONE DAY YOU'RE GONNA HAVE GRANDCHILDREN, RIGHT? AND THEY'RE GONNA ASK YOU, "SO DID YOU EVER DO ANYTHING EXCITING GRANDPA?" AND YOU'LL HAVE TO SCRATCH YOUR HEAD, EMBARRASSED, AND SAY "NOPE, NEVER DID."
I'M SPARING YOU FROM SUCH A DISTRESSING MOMENT.
I STILL DON'T SEE HOW COMING OUT HERE TO GET GRAVEYARD DIRT... THIS IS A STUPID IDEA!
NO IT ISN'T!
SEE, 'CAUSE YOU CAN TURN TO YOUR GRANDCHILDREN AND BE PROUD AND SAY, "WHY I REMEMBER THE NIGHT WHEN ME AND MY BUDDY, GREG, BRAVED DANGER AND WENT TO GET GRAVEYARD DIRT" AND YOU'LL THINK BACK ON THIS NIGHT FONDLY, IT'LL WARM YOU IN YOUR OLD AGE, AND YOU'LL THANK ME THEN FOR GETTING YOU OUT HERE.
I'LL REMEMBER HOW COLD I WAS AND HOW DUMB IT WAS!

NO, YOU'LL SAY "OLD GREG WAS RIGHT WE WENT OUT AND TOUCHED LIFE THAT NIGHT. WE SURE MADE SOME MEMORIES!"
BESIDES WHICH, NOT ONLY THAT BUT YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD LUCK CHARM, AND WHEN YOU BECOME ONE'VE THOSE POWER BROKERS, YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE SOMETHING LIKE THAT'LL COME IN HANDY
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
GREG, YOU SURE DO KNOW HOW TO TOSS THE BULL AROUND.
THANK YOU KINDLY, SIR
CRU-UNCH!
CRUNCH!
HEY! DID YOU... YOU HEAR ANYTHING?
HEAR WHAT?
OH, I DON'T KNOW... ...LIKE... MAYBE LIKE... FOOTSTEPS OR SOMETHING?
WHERE?
NO, NOW, YOU GOT TO KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN. AND DON'T LOOK! IF SOMEBODY'S THERE....
SOMEBODY'S THERE!?
I KNOW HOW TO FIND OUT IF SOMEBODY'S REALLY BACK THERE
I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS
CAN YOU COUNT TO THREE?
THREE! GOOD GOD, GREG! I'M IN THE BANK TRAINEES PROGRAM FOR GOD'S SAKE! CAN I COUNT TO GODDAMN THREE!?
WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO IS TAKE THREE STEPS, GOT IT? AND THEN STOP, REAL QUICK! AND IF SOMEBODY'S FOLLOWING US WE'LL HEAR THEM!

ONE
CRUNCH
TWO
CRUNCH
THREE
CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUN
IT STOPPED!
DON'T FOOL AROUND GREG! I MEAN IT NOW! IF YOU MADE THAT NOISE, YOU TELL ME!
CRUNCH CRUNCH
IT WASN'T ME. JUST KEEP CALM. MAYBE... THE SOUND WAS A... I DON'T KNOW... A ECHO?
CRUNCH CRUNCH
THAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING YOU'VE SAID TONIGHT.
YOU SEE THAT MAUSOLEUM?
YOUR QUESTIONS KEEP GETTING DUMBER!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
WHAT WE'LL DO IS GO UP THERE. I'VE NEVER LOOKED INSIDE ONE'VE THEM THINGS BEFORE ANYHOW, BUT WHAT I'LL DO IS SNEAK A LOOK BACK, SEE WHAT I CAN SEE, SEE?
I SEE. I SEE I WAS OUT OF MY MIND...
AS I'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED.
OKAY, LET'S LOOK INSIDE.


UUUUUUUUUUUU
WHAT THE HELL!
HELLLLP!
DID YOU HEAR WHAT I HEARD? 'CAUSE I HEARD IT! I TELL YOU I HEARD...
SHUT UP! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HEARD, BUT I HEARD IT TOO. WE GOTTA SPLIT UP! KEEP LOW, AND WE'LL MEET BACK AT THE CAR!
OH, MAN! BARNEY WAS RIGHT!
CRUNCH
WHY THE HELL'D...
CRUNCH
...HE EVER LET ME...
CRUNCH CRUNCH
...TALK HIM INTO...
TH
SS
CRU
JESUS GOD! HELP BARNEY HELP!
I THINK I RAN OFF THE EDGE OF A...
CRUNCH
OH SHIT.
THIS IS A GRAVE! I FELL IN TO AN OPEN...
CRUNCH
OH, JESUS GOD! THE FOOTSTEPS! THEY'RE CLOSER!
I'M GETTIN' THE HELL OUT'VE HERE!
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
5

SHUSH! YOU'RE MAKING ENOUGH NOISE TO WAKE THE DEAD!
THAT'S NOT FUNNY. I FELL INTO A...
NEVER MIND. I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT
YOU MUST'VE WOKEN THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD WITH THE RUCKUS YOU MADE. BOY, DID YOU SOUND SCARED.
SCARED?
WHO ME? NAH, I WASN'T SCARED.
YEAH? WELL, I'LL BET YOU WON'T BE SO ANXIOUS TO SNOOP AROUND THAT GRAVEYARD AGAIN.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, BARN? OF COURSE WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK.
ARE YOU NUTS? WHY?
IT'S OUR... OUR CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! AND GUYS WHO ARE GONNA BE BANKERS HAVE TO THINK ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT!
PLUS, YOU'VE GOTTA THINK OF IT THIS WAY, TOO... ALL YOUR LIFE YOU'LL BE WONDERING ABOUT THIS NIGHT... WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON--
--THAT YOU NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE ONE ADVENTURE YOU HAD IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE. AND THEN, THERE'S ONE MORE REASON WE HAVE TO GO BACK?
WHAT'S THAT?
I NEVER DID GET THE GRAVEYARD DIRT. ALL THAT WAS FOR NOTHING.
HOW'S NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT SOUND TO YOU? BUT THIS TIME, WELL,
6

-END-

SAX ROHMER'S DOPE

ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED by
IRINA ROBBINS

AT SIX-THIRTY THAT MORNING MARGARET HALLEY WAS AROUSED BY HER MAID, AND SITTING UP IN BED SHE LOOKED AT THE CARD WHICH THE SERVANT HAD BROUGHT TO HER.

OH, DEAR, WHAT AN APPALLINGLY EARLY VISITOR TELL INSPECTOR KERRY THAT I SHALL NOT BE LONG.

CHAPTER THREE
A Star is Born ~and Falls

Chief Inspector Kerry
C I D
New Scotland Yard S.W.1

FIVE MINUTES LATER MARGARET ENTERED HER CONSULTING-ROOM

GOOD MORNING, INSPECTOR. I WAS EXPECTING YOU.

REALLY, MISS? THEN YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE COME ABOUT?

I THINK SO. IS IT ABOUT - SIR LUCIEN PYNE?

WELL, IT CONCERNS HIM CERTAINLY. I'VE BEEN IN COMMUNICATION WITH Mr MONTE IRVIN'S BUTLER, AND FROM HIM I LEARNED THAT YOU WERE PROFESSIONALLY ATTENDING Mrs. IRVIN.

I WAS NOT HER REGULAR MEDICAL ADVISOR, BUT -

UPON YOUR EVIDENCE, MISS HALLEY, MAY DEPEND THE LIFE OF THE MISSING WOMAN.

I WILL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW, INSPECTOR. I WILL BE PERFECTLY FRANK WITH YOU.

"DAUGHTER OF A STRUGGLING SUBURBAN SOLICITER, RITA DRESDEN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN BEGAN TO DEVELOP INTO A SINGULARLY PRETTY GIRL, POSSESSED OF LARGE AND REMARKABLY FINE EYES, TOGETHER WITH A WEALTH OF COPPER-RED HAIR.

"HER MOTHER FANNED THE GIRL'S NATURAL VANITY AND AMBITION, AND RITA PROVING TO BE ENDOWED WITH A MODERATELY GOOD VOICE, A STAGE CAREER WAS DETERMINED UPON. FOLLOWING THE USUAL BRIEF "*TRAINING*" WHICH IS COUNTED SUFFICIENT FOR AN ASPIRANT TO MUSICAL COMEDY HONORS, RITA SET OUT TO CONQUER THE PLAY-GOING WORLD.

"TWO YEARS OF HARD WORK AND DISAPPOINTMENT SERVED TO DISPEL THE GIRL'S ILLUSIONS. THOSE OF HER ADMIRERS WHO WERE IN A POSITION TO ASSIST HER PROFESSIONALLY WERE ONLY PREPARED TO USE THEIR INFLUENCE UPON TERMS WHICH SHE WAS UNPREPARED TO ACCEPT

Rita

"MATTERS STOOD THUS WHEN A NEW SUITOR APPEARED IN THE PERSON OF SIR LUCIEN PYNE, WHEN HIS CARD WAS BROUGHT UP TO RITA, HER HEART LEAPED BECAUSE OF A MIXED EMOTION OF TRIUMPH AND FEAR.

"THE BARONET WAS A DIRECTOR OF THE SYNDICATE IN WHOSE PRODUCTION SHE WAS PLAYING

"SIR LUCIEN'S PROTIGÉE OF TODAY WAS LONDON'S IDOL OF TO-MORROW. SHE KNEW THAT HIS CARD REPRESENTED A SIGN-POST AT THE CROSS ROADS WHERE MANY A GIRL, PRETTY BUT NOT EXCEPTIONALLY TALENTED, HAD HESITATED WITH BEATING HEART.

"NEVERTHELESS, RITA WAS DETERMINED NOT TO SUCCUMB WITHOUT A STRUGGLE.

"HER LESS FAVORED COMPANIONS SMILED SIGNIFICANTLY WHEN THE FAMILIAR ROLLS ROYCE APPEARED AT THE STAGE DOOR NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, NEVER DOUBTING THAT RITA DRESDEN WAS CHOSEN TO "STAR" IN THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION. RITA MADE NO ATTEMPT TO DISILLUSION THEM, RECOGNIZING THAT IT MUST FAIL SHE WAS RESIGNED TO BEING MISJUDGED.
"THAT SIR LUCIEN WAS DEEPLY INFATUATED SHE WAS NOT SLOW TO DISCOVER, AND SHE SET TO WORK TO WIN ESTEEM AS WELL AS ADMIRATION.
"DURING A CERTAIN LUNCHEON AT ROMANO'S HER FATE HUNG IN THE BALANCE.
I AM GIVING UP THE STAGE WHEN THE RUN FINISHES
INDEED! WHY?
I AM TIRED OF STAGE LIFE. I HAVE BEEN INVITED TO GO AND LIVE WITH MY UNCLE IN NEW YORK AND HAVE DECIDED TO ACCEPT.
YOU SEE--MEN IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD ARE NOT ALL LIKE YOU. REAL FRIENDS, I MEAN .T ISN'T VERY NICE, SOMETIMES.
"THIS SEEMINGLY TRIVIAL CONVERSATION WAS A TURNING POINT, AND TWELVE MONTHS LATER, RITA DRESDEN WAS PLAYING THE TITLE ROLE IN *'THE MAID OF THE MASQUE.'* SIR LUCIEN HAD DISCOVERED HIMSELF TO BE REALLY IN LOVE WITH HER, AND HE MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE OFFERED HER MARRIAGE EVEN IF A DANGEROUS RIVAL HAD NOT APPEARED TO GOAD HIM TO THAT DESPERATE LEAP.

"MONTE IRVIN, ALTHOUGH CONSIDERABLY RITA'S SENIOR, HAD MUCH TO COMMEND HIM IN THE GIRL'S EYES--AND IN THE EYES OF HER MOTHER HE WAS FAR WEALTHIER THAN PYNE, AND ALTHOUGH THE LATTER WAS A BARONET, IRVIN WAS CERTAIN TO BE KNIGHTED ERE LONG MOREOVER, RITA LIKED HIM, WHEREAS SHE HAD NEVER SINCERELY LIKED OR TRUSTED SIR LUCIEN.

AND THERE WAS A FINAL REASON--OF WHICH Mrs DRESDEN KNEW NOTHING

"ON THE FIRST NIGHT THAT RITA HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH A PART OF ANY CONSEQUENCE, SHE HAD DISCOVERED HERSELF TO BE IN A STATE OF HOPELESS PANIC.

"SIR LUCIEN DETECTED HER CONDITION OF ABJECT FRIGHT...

"...AND FROM HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET HE TOOK A LITTLE GOLD SNUFF-BOX

"AT FIRST THE GIRL DECLINED TO FOLLOW ADVICE WHICH INSTINCTIVELY MISTRUSTED AND SIR LUCIEN WAS TOO CLEVER TO URGE IT UPON HER

"NOT UNTIL THE CLOCK SHOWED THAT IN TWENTY MINUTES SHE MUST MAKE HER FIRST ENTRANCE DID SHE SUCCUMB. SIR LUCIEN'S GOLD SNUFF-BOX LAY UPON HER DRESSING TABLE--AND SHE WAS TREMBLING.

"WHEN AT LAST SHE HEARD THE SUSTAINED NOTE OF THE OBOE IN THE ORCHESTRA GIVING THE PITCH TO THE ANSWERING VIOLINS, SHE RAISED THE JEWELLED LID OF THE BOX

"SO SHE ENTERED UPON THE PATH THAT LEADS DOWN TO DESTRUCTION, AND SINCE TO CONJURE WITH THE DRUG WHICH PHARMACISTS KNOW AS *METHYLBENZOYL ECGONINE* IS TO RAISE THE DEMON INSOMNIA, ERE LONG SHE FOUND HERSELF EXPLORING STRANGE BY-PATHS IN QUEST OF SLEEP

"BY THE TIME THAT SHE WAS ENTRUSTED WITH THE LEADING PART IN *'THE MAID OF THE MASQUE,'* SHE HERSELF DID NOT RECOGNIZE HOW TENACIOUS WAS THE HOLD WHICH THIS FATAL HABIT HAD SECURED UPON HER. IN THE COMPANY OF SIR LUCIEN PYNE SHE MET OTHER DEVOTEES, AND FOR A TIME CAME TO REGARD HER UNNATURAL MODE OF EXISTANCE AS SOMETHING INSEPERABLE FROM THE BOHEMIAN LIFE. THIS WAS A SHADOW-LAND OVER WHICH SIR LUCIEN PYNE PRESIDED AND WHICH MUST BE KEPT HIDDEN FROM MONTE IRVIN

"KAZMAH'S DRUG STORE IN BOND STREET HAD FEW SECRETS FOR HER; OR SO SHE BELIEVED. SHE KNEW THAT THE ESTABLISHMEN OF THE STRANGE, IMMOBILE EGYPTIAN WAS A SOURCE FROM WHICH DRUGS COULD ALWAYS BE OBTAINED; SHE KNEW THAT THE DREAM-READING BUSINESS SERVED SOME DOUBLE PURPOSE; BUT SHE DID NOT KNOW THE IDENTITY OF KAZMAH.

"TWO OF THE MOST INSIDIOUS DRUGS FAMILIAR TO MODERN PHARMACY WERE WOOING HER TO SLAVERY AND THERE WAS NO STRONG HAND TO HOLD HER BACK. BUT IF SHE HAD WALKED BLINDLY INTO THE CLUTCHES OF COCAINE AND VERONAL, HER SUBSEQUENT EXPERIMENTS WITH *CHANDU* WERE PROMPTED BY INDEFENSIBLE CURIOSITY HER FIRST INTRODUCTION TO OPIUM-SMOKING WAS MADE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF AN AMERICAN COMEDIAN THEN APPEARING IN LONDON, AN OLD DEVOTEE OF THE POPPY. A CHANDU PARTY TOOK PLACE AT THE AMERICAN'S FLAT IN DUKE STREET, AND RITA MET THERE FOR THE FIRST TIME THE WOMAN VARIOUSLY KNOWN AS *"LOLA"* AND *"Mrs. SIN."*

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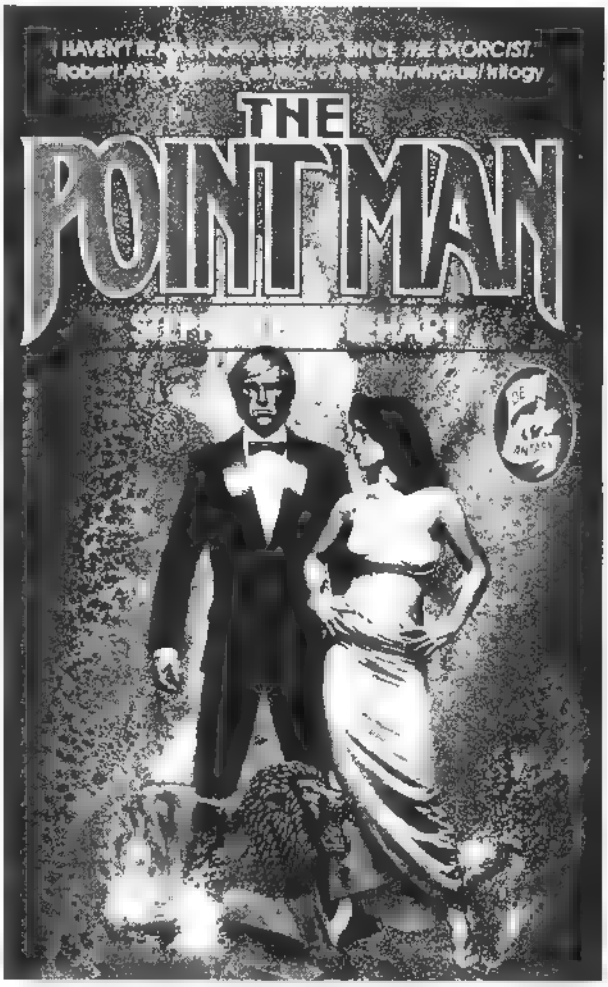

"Stephen Englehart writes with his ears, and with his eyes Few working writers alive have his sense of sound and of scene."
—Theodore Sturgeon

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A Victorian MURDER

RICK GEARY
© 1981

MY STORY TAKES PLACE IN THIS INDUSTRIOUS CITY ON THE MIDLANDS.

WE WERE QUITE WELL OFF— I WAS RAISED IN THIS HOUSE.

MY SISTER AND MYSELF: PERFECT YOUNG LADIES.

AND LIKE ALL YOUNG LADIES OF MY STATION, I WAS SENT AWAY TO BOARDING SCHOOL.

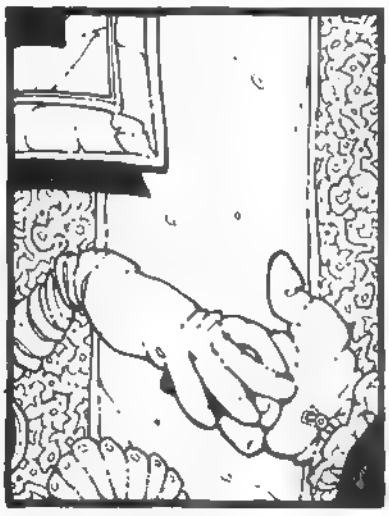
I RETURNED HOME, SUITABLY FINISHED, AT AGE SEVENTEEN.

THEN ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WAIT TO MARRY SOMEONE.

TO OCCUPY MY TIME, I READ VORACIOUSLY THE LADIES' FICTION OF THE DAY.

AND DECIDED TO HAVE AN ILLICIT ROMANCE . . .

I WAS NOT "FAST" HOWEVER, AS WERE SOME YOUNG LADIES I KNEW.



ONE DAY, THROUGH A FRIEND, I MET EMILE, A DANDY OF THE BOULEVARD.

HE WAS ONLY A CLERK, AND NOT WELL EDUCATED, WHICH ENHANCED THE INTRIGUE.

WE BEGAN A REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE— AIDED BY GO-BETWEENS.

I KNEW THAT IF FATHER FOUND OUT, HE WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME.

I MUST ADMIT THAT I IMAGINED MYSELF A HEROINE OUT OF FICTION.

ON CERTAIN AFTERNOONS, EMILE AND I MET SECRETLY IN HIS ROOMS.

HE LOVED ME DEVOUTLY AND WISHED TO CALL UPON ME AT HOME LIKE A REAL SUITOR.

I ASSURED HIM THAT WAS OUT OF THE QUESTION AS FATHER WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT.

ONCE, WE MET IN A GLADE AND I ALLOWED HIM TO TOUCH ME. BENEATH MY DRESS.

AFTERWARDS, HE WROTE THAT HE REGRETTED THE ACT AND WAS SHOCKED I HAD ALLOWED IT.

NEVERTHELESS, FROM THAT DAY, WE CALLED OURSELVES "ENGAGED."

IN THE MEANTIME, I WAS INTRODUCED TO A MR. THORNYCROFT.

HE WAS A WOOL MERCHANT, AND, MORE IMPORTANT, HAD FATHER'S APPROVAL.

IN TIME, I AGREED TO BECOME HIS WIFE.

IT WAS THEN MY UNPLEASANT TASK TO INFORM EMILE OF MY DECISION.

AS I EXPECTED, HE BECAME QUITE UNBEARABLE IN MANNER.

HE HAD SAVED MY CORRESPONDENCE AND PROMISED TO SHOW IT ALL TO FATHER.

AFTER THAT, I BEGAN TO SEE HIM AS HE WAS: A VILE AND IMMORAL SCHEMER.

SO ONE AFTERNOON, I SERVED HIM SOME ARSENIC POWDER IN HIS CHOCOLATE.

I WAS LATER TOLD THAT I HAD GIVEN HIM ENOUGH TO DISPATCH FIFTY MEN.

"TO MY SHAME, PORTIONS OF MY CORRESPONDENCE WERE READ ALOUD AT THE TRIAL.

NEVERTHELESS, I DISCOVERED SENTIMENT WAS IN MY FAVOR.

MY DEFENSE PORTRAYED POOR EMILE AS A MONSTROUS SEDUCER AND FORTUNE HUNTER.

UPON MY ACQUITTAL, THE COURTROOM ERUPTED IN HUZZAHS.

HOWEVER, MY FAMILY FOUND IT NECESSARY TO MOVE TO ANOTHER CITY.

THERE I MARRIED, BORE CHILDREN, AND LIVED TO MY NINETY-SECOND YEAR.

4

Mr. TREE

"I, FOR AN EYE"

by Max Collins & Terry Beatty

THIS BOOK - THIS LIST OF PEOPLE AND PLACES - IT'S THE ANSWER, MIKE, ISN'T IT?
THE ANSWER TO WHY THEY KILLED YOU THAT NIGHT, THAT RAINY NIGHT THAT SHOULD'VE BEEN OUR HONEYMOON...
CARL EDWARDS... THE ASSISTANT D.A. YOU WERE WORKING FOR, WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE -
ADDRESSES
Carl Edwards
THE MAN THE HITMAN KILLED AT THE ZOO - THE HITMAN I THEN KILLED -
EFFIE, IS DAN GREEN IN? PUT HIM ON... DAN, I WANT YOU TO MEET ME AT MIKE'S APARTMENT -
YOU TRUSTED DAN GREEN; OR SO YOU TOLD ME. HAD YOU TRUSTED HIM MORE THAN ME?
I THOUGHT THIS PLACE GOT TORN UP -
IT DID - I STRAIGHTENED UP, AFTER... THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, DAN.
DOESN'T TAKE A HELL OF A DETECTIVE TO FIGURE THAT, MS. TREE - TELL ME SOMETHING...
2

WHY ARE WE MEETING HERE, INSTEAD OF THE OFFICE?
WE MIGHT BE GETTING INTO AN EXTRA-LEGAL AREA, DAN – AND AS LICENSED REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COURT, WE CAN'T RISK PLAYING THAT GAME AT THE OFFICE.
I FIGURED AS MUCH. I CAN FIGURE SOMETHING ELSE, TOO: YOU'VE FOUND WHAT THEY DIDN'T —
SUPPOSE I HAD. SUPPOSE I'D FOUND A BOOK OF NAMES AND ADDRESSES – NAMES OF PEOPLE I HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF, IN TERMS OF MIKE'S BUSINESS OR HIS PERSONAL LIFE.
CONSIDERING AN ASSISTANT D.A.'S DEAD, I'D SAY THAT BOOK SHOULD BE TURNED OVER TO THE COPS —
IF I TOLD LT STEELE ABOUT IT, HE'D WANT THE BOOK – AND TO HANDLE THE INVESTIGATION HIMSELF.
AND YOU WANT TO HANG ONTO THIS HYPOTHETICAL BOOK – AND HYPOTHETICAL INVESTIGATION – YOURSELF, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
THEN DO IT WITHOUT ME. I WISH YOU LUCK, MS. TREE – BUT I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE – SOMEBODY SHOULD...
3

DAN WAS RIGHT - HE WAS COVERING FOR ME AT THE AGENCY, AND EVEN AS HIS BOSS, I COULDN'T EXPECT MORE...
AND IT SEEMED APPARENT HE'D HAD NO PRIOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE ADDRESS BOOK - YOU HAD KEPT THAT FROM DAN JUST AS YOU DID FROM ME -
ISN'T THAT GREAT NEWS? YOU DIDN'T TRUST ME WITH THIS, BUT YOU DIDN'T TRUST DAN EITHER - SO I SHOULDN'T FEEL BAD...
SMACK
GODDAMN YOU, MIKE. DAMN YOU FOR KEEPING THIS FROM ME -
DAMN YOU - DAMN YOU FOR..
DYING.
4

I STARTED WITH PAGE ONE OF THE BOOK - WHICH WAS ALPHABETIZED. YOU WERE NOTHING IF NOT METHODICAL, MIKE -

THE FIRST NAME WASN'T A PERSON, IT WAS A BUSINESS - APPLE DETECTIVE AGENCY - A RUNDOWN OFFICE BUILDING IN A BLOCK THAT RAN TO FLOPHOUSES -

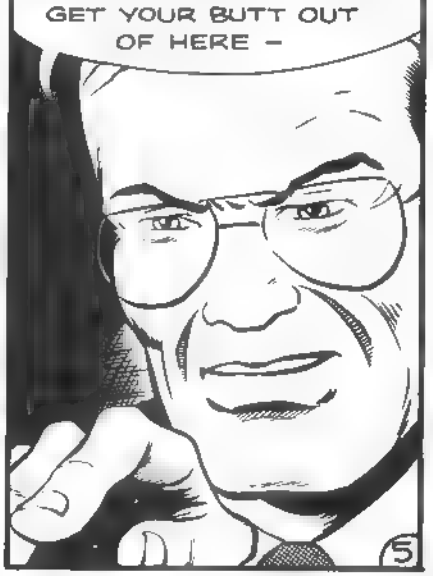
NOT A PRESTIGIOUS AGENCY, IT WOULD SEEM - CONSIDERING I WAS IN THE SAME BUSINESS AND HAD NEVER HEARD OF IT BEFORE; BUT PERHAPS YOU SUBCONTRACTED SOME WORK HERE, MIKE -

IT WAS JUST A SMALL SINGLE ROOM - NO OUTER OFFICE - NO RECEPTIONIST - NO SECRETARY -

JUST THE DETECTIVE WHO RAN THE PLACE -

ROGER FREEMONT. THE OPERATIVE WHO'D BEEN WITH OUR AGENCY THREE YEARS, ONLY TO BE FIRED BY ME THE DAY AFTER YOUR FUNERAL, MIKE - WHEN HE GOT INSOLENT.

HE HADN'T CHANGED.

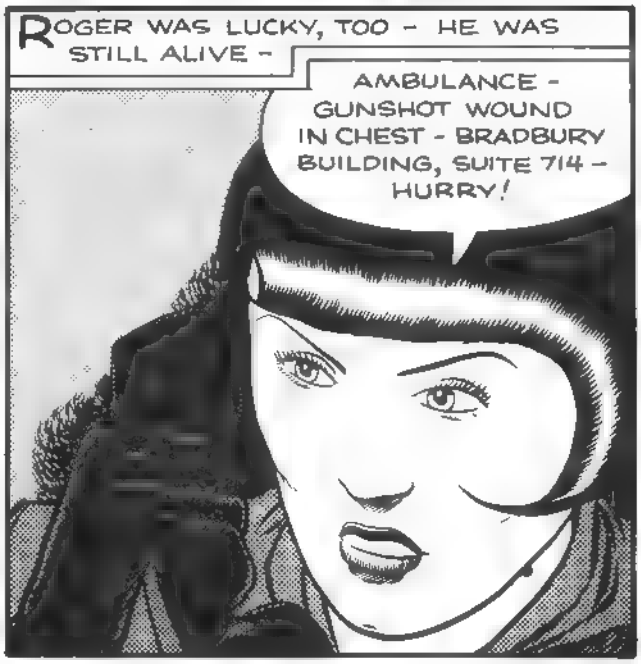


NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TOO, ROGER - I SEE YOU'RE DOING WELL.
SARCASTIC BROADS GIVE ME A PAIN IN THE ASS. TAKE A HIKE -
MAYBE I HAVE SOME WORK FOR YOU. MAYBE I WANT YOU TO COME BACK TO WORK FOR ME.
LOOK, MRS. TREE OR MS. TREE OR WHATEVER THE HELL - I GOT A NICE LITTLE BUSINESS STARTED HERE, SINCE LEAVING YOUR EMPLOY - STARTING AT THE BOTTOM, MAYBE, BUT...
HOW IS IT THIS BUSINESS YOU STARTED AFTER I FIRED YOU IS LISTED IN THIS -
THIS BOOK OF ADDRESSES MIKE HAD ON HIM THE NIGHT HE WAS MURDERED -
I THOUGHT MAYBE MIKE MIGHT'VE KEPT SOMETHING LIKE THIS. LOOK - WE BETTER TALK. SIT DOWN...
6

ROGER –

A SILENCED BULLET – FROM THE ROOFTOP ACROSS THE WAY, LIKELY– A RIFLE, NO DOUBT –

THE BULLET HAD GONE THROUGH ROGER – I WAS LUCKY I DIDN'T GET SLOPPY SECONDS –


ROGER WAS LUCKY, TOO – HE WAS STILL ALIVE –
AMBULANCE – GUNSHOT WOUND IN CHEST – BRADBURY BUILDING, SUITE 714 – HURRY!

CHICK STEELE CAUGHT UP WITH ME AT THE HOSPITAL –
WE FOUND AN EJECTED SHELL ON THE OPPOSITE ROOFTOP – AS YOU SUSPECTED. BUT NO WITNESSES.

AND I COULDN'T PURSUE WHOEVER IT WAS – HAD TO STAY WITH ROGER.

HOW IS ROGER?
COMA I WAS JUST LEAVING.
7

SOME OF THE NAMES IN THE BOOK DIDN'T SEEM TO BE BUSINESS-RELATED - ONE, AT LEAST, SEEMED TO BE PERSONAL - A RELATIVE...

ANNE TREE. A SISTER? AN AUNT, A COUSIN, PERHAPS. SHE LIVED IN A QUIETLY MIDDLE-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE SUBURBS -

AFTER WHAT WENT DOWN AT ROGER'S OFFICE, I HAD GONE ON TO THE APPARENT RELATIVE, TO GET HER OUT OF THE WAY, TO RULE HER OUT -

KNOCK

BUT NO ONE WAS HOME LIKE ANY GOOD DETECTIVE, I FOUND A WINDOW TO PEEK IN...

THE WOMAN AT THE CEMETERY - THE WOMAN WHO LEFT THE FLOWERS ON YOUR GRAVE, MIKE -

LADY - WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'? WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S MICHAEL TREE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

ARE YOU KIDDIN' OR SOMETHING, LADY?

THAT'S MY NAME - MIKE TREE, JR.

8

TO BE CONTINUED

NEXT ISSUE...

A SENSATIONAL COVER PAINTING BY **MICHAEL WM. KALUTA !!**

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Dear Dean,

I've just received *Eclipse* #2 in the mail a few days ago. I must admit I'm truly impressed with the various talent you have featured in this book. If you keep this up, alternative publishing just may keep the industry going in the future.

I've never seen Rick Rabbit before, but Steve Leialoha's *Kleptos From Outer Space* was marvelous. The artwork was just right: one of the few times I've been able to distinguish one funny-animal character from the other—without Steve's having to resort to gross caricatures. The story flowed along from one idiocy to another without reaching for any staid jokes. And the lettering—hey, with the Orz, you can't go wrong. (And that credits box on the last page was a nice addition.)

However, I hope I don't have to see too many more funny animal satires, okay? The whole veinis starting to wear thin.

The *Ernie Kovacs* story was nice, although a bit predictable. Ken Steacy's art complimented and added to the story's impact, giving a claustrophobic feeling that was only hinted at in the text. It was a perfect pairing.

The first part of *Coyote* looked pretty good, but nothing much was explained. From where the first part ended, I get the distinct impression that you took as many pages as would fit, slapping a "continued" caption on the last page. It is good to see Englehart and Rogers working together again, though.

However, the McGregor-Graham story only increased my apprehension about arbitrary cut-offs. I mean, *What's the Little Blond-headed Guy Doing Here?* was one of the best stories in the book, if not *the* best. McGregor's captions and dialogues were simple and direct, low-key yet intriguing, a far cry from his usual narrations, imagery and soliloquies. Not that I never liked them (I loved them!), but his handling of the script was perfect for this story. Billy Graham's graphics beautifully complemented that story, saying many things about the little blond-haired guy that couldn't be said in the script. (And since I've read Don McGregor's *Dragonflame*, I'd wager that this story is a bit auto-biographical as well, no?) Looking back on this effort, I think it has to be the best story in the book.

But... only three pages?!!! And those three pages only tell half a story. Again, I get the feeling something was cut out to meet space requirements. As far as I'm concerned, it's unfinished.

I'm going to reserve comment on Trina's adaptation of "Dope," mainly because the first installment was only four pages. I blinked once, then I was done reading it. Way too short.

It's great seeing Gerber and Mayerik again (and a correction: they last collaborated in 1977 on the one-and-only *Howard the Duck Annual*, not 1973 as you said). *Role Model* moved quickly away from stereotyping (I mean, TV censors as prudes was a bit much... at first) to a pretty bizarre, suspenseful story. Val's pencils lent a nice, eerie atmosphere to this story. It's too bad we all have to wait until next issue before the weirdness really starts.

Howard Cruse's *Quick Trim* was funny, entertaining, and even a bit thought-provoking as all his strips are. And Rick Geary! My God! Keep these two guys working for you, please!

Last but definitely not least, *Ms. Tree* is definitely shaping up to be a suspense-filled, quick-moving, and vastly entertaining serial. The Collins-Beatty team's background in mystery stories is definitely serving them well here. This series is a great way to end the book.

Eclipse is the best new comics magazine I've seen in too long a time. You guys have something good going here. Don't give it up!

Mark Steven Long
2928 117th Street
Toledo, Ohio 43611

(You're not the only reader who thought the Don McGregor/Billy Graham story was cut short. It wasn't necessarily a story in the traditional sense, but rather a "slice of life" episode: just a small scene taken from a night on the town. And as such, there wasn't supposed to be any "dramatic" conclusion. Just a slice of life. But it seems as though, judging from reader reaction, it wasn't quite successful in those terms, and I take the blame for that. You should be interested to know, however, that the Little Blond-Headed Guy and his pal will be resurfacing in *Eclipse* every couple of issues. Both Don and Billy are hot on doing more stories together, and I'll be sure to give them the room they need. **D.M.**)

Dear Dean,

Eclipse #3 arrived today and the magazine is certainly starting to establish an identity of its own.

The cover by John Pound displayed a good sense of color, but what's a science fiction cover doing on a magazine that isn't science fiction? I think your covers so far have been misleading. Why not have the covers relate directly to one of the stories?

The second part of *Coyote* has me hooked. The first part left me a little baffled, but here we have the beginning of a solid story complete with Englehart's solid characterizations. Marshal Rogers' art appears to be getting more complex and more simple at the same time. There is no one in comics who comes close to matching his expert use of zip-a-tone—essential for a B&W story, and his layouts are much easier to follow than those in the first part of the story. He's doing great things with silent panels, getting across a lot of characterization solely with facial expressions.

Vamp Dance by Kaz is really innovative and until I read in the Contributor's Page that he's from New Jersey, I thought he was from Europe. His art has that intelligent feel to it.

I think you did a disservice to Gene Colan with the printing of *Ragamuffins*. There were spots in which I could barely make out what was happening. If you can't get pencilled artwork to reproduce well, don't print it. From what I could see, though, Gene did a great job of capturing the flavor of the story, which is one of Don McGregor's best efforts. Don's statements about people and life come across so much better in realistic stories than they do in a fantasy milieu. And that run near the end gave me the creeps. I went to a Catholic school and remember that oppressive authority all too well.

Charles Vess' *A Bag Full of Dreams* was beautiful to look at, but I don't like wordless stories. (Okay, there were 18 words in 4 pages but they weren't really part of the story.)

Hunt Emerson's *Large Cow Comix*... what? I'm not sure what's going on in this story but the visuals are fascinating. I see that I guessed correctly this time— he is from Europe.

I never like Trina Robbins' artwork before seeing *Dope*, but since she's been putting detail in her panels, my opinion is changing. The simplicity of her style fits the storyline perfectly.

Steve Gerber's conclusion to *Role Model* was a disappointment. While I can't fault the script—Steve's too good a wordsmith—I don't see why he needs to take things to such an extreme. The story would have been interesting without going to such lengths as having a creature conjured up from a book of spells. Val Mayerik's art was good, but I don't think the story deserved two parts.

Because... so?

The third chapter of *Ms. Tree* is another success for Collins and Beatty. This series is definitely my favorite in *Eclipse*.

Anthony Guerriero
136 East 71 St.
Brooklyn, NY 11234

(Our covers will soon be more closely reflecting the contents of the magazine, beginning with issue #6 which will feature a painting of Ms. Tree to coincide with the double-length, 16 page conclusion to the series. Incidentally, shortly after the denouement of *An Eye for An Eye*, Ms. Tree will be getting her own magazine, debuting next spring.

The three *Vamp Dance* pages by Kaz, for your information, were originally printed in *The New York Rocker*, not in any European magazine.

I couldn't agree more with you that the printing of Gene Colan's pencils on *Ragamuffins* was not up to par. Since *Ragamuffins* will be a semi-regular feature, we've taken steps to insure that Gene's pencils will reproduce better in issue #5.

Well that's it this time around, folks. Next issue, look for more comments on *Eclipse* #3 and new comments on #4. See you in 60 days. — **D.M.**)

CONTRIBUTORS

BEATTY

Terry's underground—*Mod* published by Kitchen Sink—has been released, and he continues his comic strip parodies, "The Phony Pages," in *The Buyer's Guide*. He's also working on a story for *Dr. Wirthim's Comics & Stories* and Kitchen's upcoming *Bop*.

COLLINS

Max's *Nolan* crime series continues with the 5th novel, *Hard Cash*, scheduled for release in December. In connection with *Dick Tracy*'s 50th anniversary, Max was interviewed on *Goodmorning America* and the network news programs, and a television star was born.

EMERSON

Hunt Emerson's debut in our last issue served as a well received introduction for many to this Britisher's work. Emerging in this issue's *Kontiki* is one of the many characters Hunt is well known for in Europe—Alan Rabbit, sometimes known as Bill the Bunny.

ENGLEHART

Steve Englehart's novel, *The Point Man*, has, according to its publisher, Dell, nearly sold out its first printing in the first weeks after its release. He's working on his second novel as he also refines the script for the upcoming full-color mini-series to be published by Eclipse.

GEARY

Rick Geary continues as a mainstay in *National Lampoon* and does a regular feature for *San Diego Magazine* called "San Diego Sketch Book." He also self-publishes many mini-books. Contact him at: P.O. Box 99835, San Diego, CA 92109 for ordering information.

GRAHAM

Bi ly has, at one time or another, worked as a magazine illustrator, stand-up comic, singer, comics artist, film reviewer—and continues to write new plays. His most recent comics-related work appeared on the premiere cover of Star log's *Comics World*.

McGREGOR

Don is expanding his sequel to the highly successful *Sabre*, which Eclipse will publish as a 6-issue full color comics series early in 1982. Don is also editing a magazine about silent film comedian Buster Keaton, which Eclipse will also publish in association with Buster Keaton Productions.

POTTS

Carl Potts is a freelance artist who spends much of his time doing advertising work in New York. His 48-page serial—*The Last of the Dragons*, which he plotted and pencilled—will soon be seen in *Epic*, and most recently, one of his paintings was used in *Savage Sword of Conan*.

RIPPEE

Born in San Francisco, Larry Rippee's comics work has appeared in *San Francisco Comic Book*, *Corporate Crime*, *Arcade*, *Dope Comic* and many others. His "Rippee's Newsbriefs" appeared weekly in the *National Echo* of Penang, Malaysia, and he's currently working on a piece for *Commies From Mars #4*.

ROBBINS

Trina is collaborating with cat yronwode on a book about women's contribu tions to the comics industry. Anyone with useful information—particularly about women comics artists of the 1940s—should contact cat at: Route 2, Box 625, Willow Springs, MO 65793.

ROGERS

Marshall Rogers recently returned from a succesful autograph party/art display for *Eclipse #3* in San Francisco, and will soon be moving to a new studio in New York with the Eclipse staff and a number of freelance artists. His sixth and fina issue of *Dr. Strange* at Marvel will be released shortly.

SHERMAN

Jim Sherman works out of the Upstart studio in New York City and has illustrated various comic books including *The Legion of Superheroes* and *X-Men*. Aside from comics, Jim keeps himself busy with advertising and media-related art assignments.

SIMMONS

Alex Simmons' *The Demon Chronicles* is adapted from the syndicated radio series which he writes and directs. When not working on the series, he displays his talents as a singer, actor and "voice-over" announcer around New York's cabarets and theaters.

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ON SALE DECEMBER 15th

Was
KaiserSoze

BOB HANEY
1926 - 2004